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NYE'S

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FIVE DEVILS OF OGDEN IN SERMON

"Tat Sporty Devil" was the subject of a sermon preached by Rev. Rasswell Sunday evening in the First M. E. church. The text was Eph. 3:4. "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." The sermon, which is one of five on the "Five Devils of Ogden," follows:

What is the Sporty Devil? Why that spirit of unscrupulous pleasure seeking that leads people to trample on the laws of God, of conscience and of nature, in order to have fun, and turns what would be otherwise a righteous impulse, into a lust. This Devil of Sport is a cousin to the Devil of Greed, and together they wreak havoc in the world. This Sporty Devil comes into the temple of God and defiles it with a giggle, laughs at the worship of God until the multitude laughs with him, goes d/ering up the mount of Sinai, trampling over all the Ten Commandments, breathes into the heart of youth the fires of hell never to be quenched, and with beguiling glances leads the multitude into the broad highway that leads to death.

Was An Angel of Light. This Devil of Sport was once the angel of good cheer, sent of God to bring happiness to mankind. For God is the author of the play impulse in childhood. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, is eternally true. And so we recognize that we owe to childhood and youth opportunities for recreation. And even maturity needs its relaxations. Yes, God would have us happy, for at "His right hand are pleasures forever more," and the prophet saw the streets of the city of redemption was to be "full of children playing in the streets thereof."

But God's good angel of cheer does not lead us to dissipation. But rather he leads us into the house of God with praise and unto his law with blessing, and breathes into our hearts the blithesome cheer of life and lights our faces with eternal cheer, that goes with us through disaster, sickness and sorrow, and leads us on the highway of holiness with rejoicing and songs of victory, and at last takes our hand and leads us through the dark waters of death into the realm of glory and everlasting joy in our hearts.

A Fallen Angel. But when this spirit began to vaunt itself above God, and tried to be the first thing in life, to be the law of life, regardless of right, the law of God or of nature, in short to set itself up as the God of Fun, then it fell like Lucifer into degradation and sin. So do all those who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

This Devil's Commandments. I am thy God, Fun, the first and the last, the very object of thy creation, therefore:

1. Thou shalt make sport thy chief concern.
2. Thou shalt not count the cost of thy folly, either in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in hell under the earth, nor unto thy posterity under the third and fourth generations.
3. Don't take life seriously, but be giddy.
4. Remember the Sabbath day to make it a holiday.
5. Don't allow thy father or mother to stand in the way of having a good time.
6. Regard not the ruin thy folly brings upon others.
7. Don't be a prude, be a sport.

8. Thou art young but once, so, some wild oats.

9. Don't be a piker, take a dare.

10. See the world that is, the underworld.

The sum of all the law and the prophets is this: To love yourself first, last and all the time, and others for what you can get out of them.

The Devil's Picture. Let us look this devil over. What a restless devil he is; no poise, no calm, but a constant wiggle and giggle. When he has nothing to say he uses small talk; when that fails he chatters. When he runs short of chatter he (she) giggles and, in lieu of everything else he (she) chews gum and keeps shuffling around, always on the move. He (she) seems to have a perpetual itch, and wants to be constantly dandled and handled.

In body he seems to be in robust health, but his flesh is flabby, his blood feverish and as time passes the vital organs degenerate and his body becomes rotten with the leprosy of sin.

What is that rattling noise? Why that is his brains, rattling round in his head, too small for skull, and saying, "I go round in a giddy whirl, hiyo." For this Sporty Devil is a shallow fellow.

When he reads, it is merely the sporting page or society column, or the picture supplement or some lurid fiction. When he thinks it is to invent some new rag step, some new sport or some new slang.

Then look at his eye. How inflamed and restless. It cannot concentrate its gaze, and notes only fast and shifting scenes. Inflamed with lust, it seeks to see risqué and indecent things on the stage and the sensual in art.

And see those lips, not firm and strong, but flabby, loosely set, with a smile verging always on a leer. His tongue is constantly itching for the single drop of drink or the soothing of pipe or drug, or the tang of smutty speech.

His ears also are itching for the tickle of ragtime, or salacious scandal or questionable joke or ribald song.

How soft are his hands, for an idler is he. When he works it is to get money for more fun. But what clatter his nails! Yes, like a cat, he plays with his victim, so he amuses himself, though he knows that his sport will ruin other lives. Look, the stain of blood dyes his fingers!

And what strangely jointed feet he has, now prone to "cut the eagle," what springs to jump to the rhythm of music, but how inert to the call of labor. How wobbly they are on the pathway of holiness, how they trip over themselves, trying to follow duty but how swift and strong on the broad highway of evil.

Put the X-ray to his heart. What so small and hard? And what a shape. Why, that's a little image of himself. Ah, how selfish and small and hard-hearted is this Sporty Devil! How little he cares how his invitation to drink or his gambling or his lust will wreck those other lives.

And is this his purse? Why, it is a bag full of holes. When this Devil of Sport gets into the heart of a young man immediately he begins to hang his hat on his ear, and strut and swagger, with a cigarette dangling from his teeth, he hangs around the pool room, flourishes pompously into the saloon, dips leeringly into the underworld, and soon goes bragging around about his vices, till, unsatisfied with wantons, he boastfully seduces virtue, purloins from his employer and at last exploits the innocent until in the end stripes of crime encompass him.

Walking Alarm Clock. When this Devil of Sport finds entrance into the heart of a girl she immediately begins to dress loudly,

till she is a "walking alarm clock," and seems to call a block away. "O, you sports, look here. What a mark! Then she gads and giggles through the streets, and hangs around public places, acts bold and flip, drifts into fast company, does risqué things and is naughty and pert and sporty. From dancing she goes to ragging and then to the devil. From street ragging she takes to street walking, from unconventionalities, she takes to wantonness, and from a little risqué betting she goes to gambling, and from a few daring drinks or doses of dope, she becomes a drunkard and a dope fiend.

A Dare Devil. This Sporty Devil takes all kinds of chances. At the door of the saloon you warn him of bondage, disease, poverty, crime, death, and he loudly laughs and says, "Who's afraid?" With a coffin nail between his fingers, you warn him of heart failure, brainstorm, nerve-rack, moral depravity, commercial ruin, and he litherly says, "Ha, here goes another nail into my coffin." At the gaming table you warn him of financial ruin and he swaggingly exclaims, "I am no tight wad, I am a true blue sport. I'll take my chances." Under the glare of the red lights you call to him to beware of disease, bondage, blackmail, depravity and he scoffs back, "Do you take me for a dummy, tied to my mother's apron strings and afraid of a bogey man?" On the broad way of evil, you warn him of God's judgments and he defiantly cries, "I would like to see him stop me from having my sport." At girls, gaily disporting on the ragged, slippery edge of the toboggan slide of shame, we call, beware of the wild leap of passion, of crushing shame and cruel white slavery, but she only flings back, "Aw, don't expect me to be a pike. I'm no piker, I'll take a dare."

And so this reckless devil, when he sees God wave the red light of danger across his path, pulls the throttle of life still farther open and to wreckage. Though he sees the bridge open, this joy rider puts on no brakes, but goes plunging into the river of death. He lights with lustful, and intoxicating fires the very house in which he lives, and claps his hands in glee like an insane man as he watches the flames creep upon him.

Just for Fun. How innocent is his motto, "Just for fun," but to what ruin does it lead. How he leads young men to lechery and drunkenness, "just for fun," and girls to frowardness, wantonness and shame, "just for fun," and mothers to the gaming table while their children go to the devil, "just for fun," and youth to be frothy and trifling and irreverent to the casting away of their eternal inheritance in realms of glory "just for fun." What disease, what pauperism, what lunacy, what broken lives, what damned souls, "just for fun."

O, you Sporty Devil, betake yourself to the regions of darkness, deceive us not. We know you and your wiles, and bid you defiance.

Come, good spirit of God and teach us how to have amusement without harm; show us what flowers of pleasure have no poison therein; in what fields of sport there lurks no serpent with deadly fangs; what tops of recreation have no contagion of evil. Show us how to keep cheerful, have pleasure, keep young and spirited and yet suffer no ill, but keep strong in body and mind, innocent in spirit, reverent in heart and heirs of heaven, with the light of God upon our faces, the glee of God in our hearts, the beauty of our God upon us, the rhythm of buoyancy in our souls, beating time to the music of heaven.

MALE HELP WANTED

LOCAL salesman of wide acquaintance to represent well established manufacturer; experience unnecessary; straight salary and splendid prospects to a competent man for permanent position and rapid advancement. The Eclipse Paint & Mfg. Co., Cleveland, O.

NEW BISHOP OF PLEASANT VIEW

The reorganization of the Pleasant View ward took place yesterday at a meeting which was attended by more than 70 per cent of the ward members. Apostle Francis M. Lyman of Salt Lake represented the general church authorities, while President C. C. Richards and Elder E. A. Larkin of this city represented the Ogden stake, the latter representing the high council.

After a service of twelve years Bishop C. A. Hickenlooper was honorably released, his resignation having been received because of his intention to move out of the county. His counselors, Thomas Budge and David Johns, were also honorably released. Reuben T. Rhees was installed as the new bishop upon the unanimous decision of the ward members. His counselors are William M. Wade and Charles A. Packham. As Mr. Packham previously held the office of ward clerk, Henry L. Jensen was selected as his successor.

Apostle Lyman delivered the principal address of the meeting, his remarks having to do with the duties of a bishop and also the other church officers.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I wish to announce to the public that the Ladies' Grill Room is now running in connection with the Stinson Cafe, 2482 Washington Ave.

A. R. HEYWOOD TO TAKE A JOURNEY

Having arranged his business and affairs and recovered from a slight operation performed a few weeks ago,

New York Man Secures Handsome Sample Suits

Here is the copy of a letter just received from our man in New York:

"W. H. Wright & Sons Co., Ogden:

"Have secured for you a line of sample suits from one of the best concerns here. These are last week's models and have only been shown to New York stores.

"I bought them at big reduction—put them on sale at once. "ATKINS."

The suits are handsome examples of this year's best designing—beautifully made, in newest materials.

\$32.50 Regular Values	\$24.35	\$24.75 Regular Values	\$18.35
\$35.00 Regular Values	\$27.35	\$42.50 Regular Values	\$35.35
\$19.50 Regular Values			\$12.50

The suits are ready for your inspection. At these prices we must charge for alterations.

Wright's

A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE



Judge A. R. Heywood, former president of the Commercial National bank, has arranged to depart on May 7 or 8 for an extended trip in the south. He will be accompanied by his wife. Although all of the details of the trip have not yet been completed, Judge Heywood expects to spend considerable time on the border between the United States and Mexico.

"But I want it understood that I am not a candidate for president of Mexico," said the former bank president today in telling of his proposed trip. "While I might consent to accept a place in the army, I would refuse a small commission such as that of colonel. I would readily agree to be a brigadier general, for he has so much more chance to run." While he might consider a sea voyage after visiting the border, Judge Heywood declared that he would take no chances on the interior of Mexico in reaching the coast.

FAVORS 'GYM' ON CITY HALL SQUARE

Editor Standard: A few words, please, in regard to the "Gym" that is proposed to be built by the taxpayers of the city. Some desire it built adjacent to the high school, while others would rather have it placed on the city hall square. Now, much could be said on both sides. For my part I would prefer the square, for several reasons. If the general taxpayers of the city are about to bond themselves for its erection, then let it be placed where it will be most convenient for the general public to enjoy its benefits. Located at the high school not one out of ten of the business people of the city would patronize it. Then again by placing it on the city hall square, I think it could be made to yield quite a revenue from the Automobile tourists, who in the near future, will pass through our city in thousands on their way to the coast; and to whom a bath and a general clean up, would greatly appeal and be well worth paying for. Another thought. What's the matter with piping the hot waters from the sanitarium (the sanitarium that was) clear down to the city and connect with the gymnasium. I think it could be rented cheaply, though the feasibility of the matter would be up to the engineers. Altogether, the matter is of some importance and deserves a great deal of consideration before the location of the "gym" is finally fixed. Let the people rule.

(Signed) T. R. O'CONNOLLY.

W. R. SCOTT IS ENTERTAINED

W. R. Scott of San Francisco, general superintendent of the Southern Pacific, was the guest of the Weber club Saturday night after his return from a trip of inspection over the cutoff Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Scott is a former resident of the city and stated that he was pleased at the favorable changes in Ogden and vicinity. He remarked that he observed that the wholesale district is growing and that the sand ridge has been converted from a barren waste into a prosperous orchard district.

In anticipation of the crowds that will attend the fair in San Francisco in 1915, he stated that there were forces at work between Ogden and the coast, double tracking the line. He stated that the cutoff would be double tracked, but not by 1915.

HOME IS DAMAGED BY MORNING FIRE

Defective electrical wiring is given as the cause of a fire that damaged the interior of the Ray Shurtliff residence, 3630 Washington avenue, to the extent of \$1,600, at 3:40 o'clock yesterday morning.

Although the fire was fierce enough to burn the furnishings and furniture of

the interior, it did not reach the outside of the building.

The fire was discovered by a passer-by and a call was sent into the central department which made a record-breaking run of the two miles in three minutes.

The damage was fully covered by insurance.

CAUGHT IN ACT OF ROBBING STORE

While in the act of burglarizing Alvord's second-hand store last evening at 6:30 o'clock a man who gives the name of William Burk was discovered by Irvin T. Alvord, the proprietor's son, and was held at the point of a revolver until police could arrive on the scene and take the man in charge.

The burglar had a watch and gun in his possession when arrested, but the proprietor claims that 13 watches and two other guns are missing from his stock.

When young Alvord entered the store from the rear he saw Burk near the entrance of the store with a re-



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Take no other. Buy of your
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That's our business—nothing else. We have been devoting our mind and energies to this one thing for ten years. The result is a product that is flawless, smooth and free from deleterious substance. Don't take chances.

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"THE PACIFIC LIMITED"

Electrically Lighted equipment, Standard and Tourist Sleepers, Diner, Observation Car, "Free Reclining Chair Car."

Leaves Salt Lake Daily 8:45 a. m.

Arrives Los Angeles 10 a. m.

Two other good trains daily.

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For further information See Any Salt Lake Route Agent, Write for California Literature.

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source of all financial aid is one's bank account, and wise is he who starts early in life to build a reserve fund.

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4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts.

Jesse Knight's "Spring Canyon Coal"

This is the first time this "Best of Good Coal" has been on the market here in Ogden.

We are in the market to introduce this good coal at the same prices that you have been paying for the other Utah coals.

Give us a trial order. Do not overlook the fact that we sell "MAMMOTH COAL."

A good, clean Wyoming coal at the following prices:

Lump, \$5.00. Nut, \$4.50 Delivered.

FRANK MOORE COAL COMPANY

"DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL."

Yard Phone 345. Yard on West Side of Wall Avenue Between 22nd and 23rd.

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We Issue Foreign Exchange, Travelers' Checks and Letters of Credit.

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